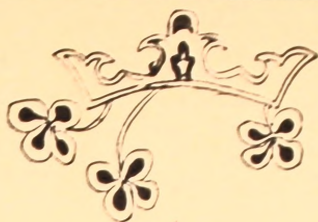


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EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE.

The Path-Finder Pub. Co., 118½ East 9th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

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EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR.

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BY THE EDITOR

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All business and personal communications
to Station A, Pasadena, Cal.

Path-Finder Home

THE above is the name of the little five-acre ranch, located in North Pasadena, which a friend of the cause we are espousing has purchased expressly for the editorial sanctum of Conable's Path-Finder. Of course, we do not expect to cover the entire five acres with our sanctum; far from it. Practically the entire five acres are covered with bearing fruit trees—apricots, peaches and figs. Later on we shall have oranges, lemons, grapes, etc.

I think it was my appetite for figs that attracted this place. There are some forty-five to fifty fig trees that are loaded each year. I count these fig trees nearly every day, but I have never yet succeeded in making the count tally twice alike, so I have decided to do nothing more than approximate the number in future; but I feel certain if there were less than forty of these trees I would run short and proceed to plant more at once.

Then, there are berries on this place and a beautiful acre-grove of eucalyptus trees that form the background on the east to the property.

A couple of cottages, a barn and several small buildings, together with space next to the grove for a street of tent houses, supply the living conveniences of the place. Splendid water, with hy-

drants innumerable for irrigating and other purposes, furnish the liquid food for all requirements.

To reach this place we take the Altadena car running north. Get off at Penn street and walk east about five blocks to the intersection of Penn street and Los Robles avenue. This is where we are—on the east side of the street, and this is where we invite our friends to visit us at their pleasure.

Pasadena is a pretty little city of beautiful homes, clean and wholesome; no saloons within her borders, but there is an abundance of meat markets and churches galore. But we must not expect everything to be perfect. Too many people are living on the lower plane of the meat market and the church to admit of a perfect paradise here and now.

There will be a few tented friends on our grounds who wish to come in close touch with Nature. There will also be room for others who wish to pitch their tents and take care of themselves.

We will be "at home" after July 1st.

This Editor Does Not Theorize

HERE is a mighty bright letter that does me a powerful amount of good to print. We cannot always tell what a man is by what he says, but you can generally size him up pretty correctly by what he writes.

We like bright people and we enjoy being "hauled over the coals," so to speak. Were it not for the occasional doubter or skeptic, we might often run short of subject matter, and this would be, perhaps, to the disadvantage of Path-Finder readers.

Mr. C. B. Seeley, of Napa, Cal., pens us the following:

"My Dear Mr. Conable: In renewing my subscription I will take the liberty of indicting a gentle criticism with respect to certain views you from time to time send out to the reading world. I have read Path-Finder from its first issue, and while I place you in the front rank of brilliant writers, I am observant of an inclination on your part to dwell in the

ideal, unprovable, and I may say absolutely impossible. This idiosyncrasy is shared by other writers besides yourself. For example, the erratic, yet entertaining Shelton, claims we all came from the "sun" and to the sun shall we return. Mrs. Wilmans declares the time approaching when physical bodies will walk on air, unaffected by the law of gravity. Your royal self proclaims the possibility of subsistence by mortals on the atmosphere solely, and with Mrs. Wilmans and Shelton, believes in "immortality of the flesh," and added to the foregoing, I note you recognize a species of fatalism, illogical as it is amusing. This is your averment, if I read you aright: The "Ego" never leaves the body so long as the body is fit for occupancy, and you cite the "Grand Duke" in illustration. The body was too corrupt for the "Ego" to abide longer, hence it invited the fatal bomb that set it free. The time for release had come and death became a necessity. Very naturally, then, in the absence of the bomb, some other agency of destruction would have intervened. The Duke was fated to die. The Ego must have deliverance. Now, my philosophical friend, what have you to say of the "Egos" of those "innocent women and children," who about this time fell by the sword and the cruel tramp of cavalry? Can you say *their* bodies were too corrupt for spirit or soul occupancy? And were they, as the Duke, fated to die as described? Again, in what respect did the bodies of these unfortunate victims differ from the thousands who did not happen to be in a place of danger? Seriously, will your novel propositions bear close analysis? You will agree with me that mere affirmation is not argument or experience. In all candor, is there not enough of *truth absolute* in the world to sufficiently engage one's thought without indulging visionary speculations, assuming them to be true? I am not without charity for the vagaries of mortals. Some men seem to cling to a hobby as a respite, it may be, from laborious contemplation—a diversion. Shelton has no proof that our "egos" came from the sun. Helen Wilmans is without evidence that she will ever walk through meadows green without pressing the sod, unless a miniature cyclone is brought into requisition. And Conable, so bright in many things, cannot be without knowledge that the internal organs of human bodies are and ever will be more adapted to

material food than that of the circumambient air, and that death may come from *accident*, and, in many instances, too soon. You write many good things, my dear sir, but occasionally "get off your irons," as railroad men would say when the car leaves the track. With best wishes, I remain,

Very truly yours,

C. B. SEELEY.

Before proceeding to answer the above, we herewith append another letter of inquiry, the contents of which are practically the same as contained in a portion of the above.

Here follows the letter:

"Mr. Conable—Dear Sir: I see you claim that whatever comes to any one—money, misery, pleasure, happiness, death—is strictly in accordance with the law of attraction. I'm inclined to think you are right, but at that, I do not quite understand it as to President Lincoln's death. And it seems to me that Rockefeller makes his money by virtue of certain laws he has succeeded in getting passed, without which he could not have made the money; and then again, by violating or getting around other laws. I would also ask if the thousands of pure-hearted young girls who are annually seduced in this "land of the free" is strictly in accordance with the law of attraction?

Respectfully yours,

A SUBSCRIBER."

The editor of the Path-Finder neither speculates nor theorizes when dealing with the important subjects bearing upon the growth and development and possibilities of the race. He never imposes upon a supposedly—or otherwise—credulous reading constituency. He would not be true to his work, the cause he espouses, did he not hold within himself evidences of the truth of all the statements he makes. In making this statement he is not assuming that he knows any more than any one else, or that he is in any closer touch with the sources from which all knowledge comes. This would be an exhibition of a degree of egotism that has never been found in his makeup. He may, perhaps, have devoted more time to the expansion of certain faculties than some of those whose time has been constantly occupied by more material research, but he claims nothing for himself that every other

human being does not possess—the power to so unfold so-called latent faculties, that many of the mighty truths hidden in Nature's record book may be brought into physical consciousness, and through this consciousness given forth to the world the same as we are now penning this article.

The next step for the human race to take is a mighty leap upward, and this does not necessarily contemplate the intervention of so-called death before we will be upon the plane of growth where the ascent is possible.

People have lived in the past by understanding the science of appropriating the finer etheric elements which the chemists cannot analyze, to be found in the air we breathe. This finer ether is the element which prolongs life indefinitely. It is the element which feeds and sustains the Divine force inhabiting each human structure. The physical body can be brought into such purified, harmonious relations with the Divine life within that it, too, may also partake of this vital fluid and carry it into the general circulation of the entire anatomy. When this is accomplished, then will Helen Wilmans walk upon the grass blades without touching her feet upon the sod. Nay, more, she will overcome absolutely the law of gravity and will be able to constantly negative this law so long as she keeps within the realm or sphere correlated to this plane of growth. You can do this; I can do it; everybody can do it who will take the trouble to come into this higher growth.

Now, my friends, you may say that this is a mere off-hand statement, with no proof to back it up. I say, *I have* the proof, and if you have not, it is not my fault, but your misfortune. I say further, that you can possess yourself of the same light which sheds forth this same ray of truth that has cost me fifteen years of time to attract to myself. You might get it in one-half or one-quarter of the time that it has taken me; or it might take you a great deal longer. The speed with which you travel will determine the matter.

For four hundred thousand years that we know of there have been persons who have been developed sufficiently to overcome the law of gravity and traverse any portion of the globe far beyond the vision of the physical eye. These people knew how to appropriate and maintain the finer etheric food element already referred to. There are a few today in

the far-off East who have attained to this great accomplishment. There will be many more before the first half century point is reached.

But this accomplishment is not for the individual in this life to reach while delving in purely material things. It is an attainment which comes only with the elimination of every material ambition; the purification of the body, which means the absolute elimination of all diseased and negative conditions. It means the casting out of all physical desires. It means the absorption, in every vein, in every pore, in every atom of the entire physical structure of such an overpowering supply of the great universal love element that the whole physical body is completely submerged.

Few of us are ready for this, what we would call a serious sacrifice. We are still too completely wedded to the material conditions to which the present race has fallen heir.

But the writer hereof believes that the reward at the other end of the line is amply rich to compensate for the allurements incident to our present physical bondage. He *knows* that nothing can be lost worth having through the process of the undertaking. If *all* cannot be accomplished now, such great strides will have been made as to set us, in the next incarnation, a full race ahead of our time. This will be glory enough in itself. Christ was only one race ahead of the age in which he was born.

All of these things are truths which no one can bring into the physical consciousness of another. They are truths of which each individual must personally possess himself or herself through the process, first of being filled with an overpowering and unconquerable desire to come into touch with the higher processes of life, then followed up by such physical and mental preparation as will admit of a complete pouring forth of the wondrous wisdom vested in the Divine Self.

Few of us have reached the point, as I said before, where the great Luminous Light is sufficiently clear to us to induce us to deport the sins of the flesh. Still there are a few—a very few—who would ride his Satanic Majesty unsaddled to Hades and back, if at the end of the journey there was the assurance that the crucifixion had been sufficient to open the pathway leading to the Infinite One. Personally speaking, I may not accomplish all that is centered in my thoughts

and desires at this hour of my crude unfoldment, but if I do not, I will pass out with the consciousness that the door had opened unto me, but I had tarried too long upon the threshold of worldly ambition. No one else will be at fault for my having failed. No one else will have to suffer for my sins of commission, and no one else will reap the harvest of anything that I bring into full fruition, except as I drop a ray of hope and love into the fathomless vortex of sorrowing hearts, whose light has been prematurely dimmed to the Infinite possibilities with which Divinity has vested us.

Now, a word as to death.

It is true that death never comes to the conscious animal (man) that is not attracted by reason of the violation of some natural law, either by the individual or ancestry.

I am covering the questions asked in both the above letters bearing upon this subject. Abraham Lincoln attracted an assassin's bullet, not necessarily, possibly, because he, himself, had been assisting in dealing out death to hundreds of thousands of his kind, but somewhere along the line either he or his ancestry had builded a Karma such as only an assassin's bullet could dissipate.

Now, this same statement of fact applies with equal force to every form of death, to every form of injury, to every form of assault or attempted assault; to all the brave dead Japs; to all the brave dead Russians; to the women and children slaughtered in the streets in the cities of benighted, half-civilized, "Christian" Russia. We may say that these poor women and children had committed no offence commensurate with the punishment meted out to them. Certainly these little children could not have committed any serious crime, but the astral entity (which is not the spirit or Ego) inhabiting the bodies of these women and children, had at some time, in a previous incarnation induced the commission of crimes or offences against the natural law that was just being expiated when these so-called brutal murders took place.

The kindly, Christian gentleman, President McKinley, was assassinated; a little child was shot dead by a playmate, who supposed the gun to be unloaded. McKinley was led to his death by his Ego. The little child was led to her death by the same mighty power. We cannot say just where or when the

sins of commission were perpetrated which induced these Egos to withdraw, but we do know to a certainty that death never takes place except the Ego is ready to retire.

But so long as we are succeeding in our efforts to establish a perfected physical structure, and when we have come into the consciousness that we are one with the great creative energy of the Universe and keep ourselves in perfect harmony with the Divine Inner Life and have previously dissipated such of negative Karma as demands the release of our physical bodies, we can put this body upon such a basis of perfection as to make it possible for us to retain the presence of the Ego indefinitely. To this goal the thought of the world is now directed—incipient in the minds of one-third of the race, only—the other two-thirds being more or less conscious of the fact.

The writer is by no means surprised at the evidences of incredulity exhibited by the average man and woman of the New World. So much time has been spent by our forefathers in matters so closely allied to material things, that education along the higher lines has been sadly neglected. Besides this, our modern "Christian churches" have been leading the New World astray. The Bible teaches all that we have ever written along these lines. In one sense, it may be said that I am a plagiarist, but correctly speaking it is proper to call me an interpreter. Still, I am able to draw upon that great Fountain of Life and Light with which the Infinite has seen fit to vest me.

Now, a word about John Rockefeller and his money.

We have often expressed ourselves very plainly concerning the father of the Sunday school superintendent. The superintendent is little John with three S's after his name. John Rockefeller has so centered his powers of attraction upon money-getting that the golden eagles simply roll into his coffers. He not only attracts money himself, but he attracts people to him with power and influence who are purchasable. These same purchasable people are also filled with the spirit of money-getting, so they are attracted to Rockefeller. Rockefeller attracts Senators and Congressmen to him who will work through his desired legislative schemes and in turn they get enough out of Rockefeller to pay their hotel bills. It is generally ad-

mitted that a Congressman with \$5,000 per year and a Senator with \$6,000 can but barely pay his living expenses in the National Capital. Hence he is easy prey to the Trust Kings, who are constantly looking for purchasable legislators. But the point we wish to make is, that every man attracts to himself, just in proportion to the degree of positive development he has attained. It is not necessary that one attract gold bullion straight into his trousers pocket; it may be done through the medium of a purchasing agent, with members of Congress and State Legislators. It is all the same.

Rockefeller's power for attracting money is simply marvelous, but in most things pertaining to life's growth he knows no more than the unborn babe.

So, one of these fine days he will turn up his toes, slide over the range and will not have the slightest conception of where he is "at;" and the chances are that he will spend the next five centuries trying to corner mythical oil-wells. Then he will wake up, shake hands with the devil, who will assign him the specific work he is to perform as aide-de-camp to His Satanic Highness.

And this will be the end of all flesh that centers itself upon any one problem to the exclusion of all growth and unfoldment of the higher self.

I thank these friends for their letters of inquiry. I like to dictate or write the flashes of truth which of late years seem to be waiting for me to claim. Letters like the above give me the feeling as though I were drawing off the water at one end of a great reservoir, while a fresh stream was flowing in at the other end.

And I can assure all Path-Finder readers that it is not *distilled* water, either; it is fresh, pure, and life-giving.

The Open Saloon

THE open saloon election in Los Angeles has passed into history—two to one in favor of the saloon. It is a good thing occasionally to take a consensus of public opinion, though in cases like this it is a question if ever we get results representing the wishes and opinions of the great majority of citizens who have most at stake.

For many years old Carter Harrison held down the Mayor's chair in Chicago. More recently his son has controlled the same office just as long as he desired to. These men were always elected by majorities ranging from ten to twenty

thousand. There is a bum element in Chicago which holds the balance of power at all elections. The man who stands for the saloon and gambling houses always gets this bum element vote, which elects him to office. The same here in Los Angeles, although it is said that many business men at the recent saloon election became frightened lest their business might be ruined should the saloon be moved outside the city limits.

But the saloon will always be present in some form or other just so long as the temperance "reformer" begins at the wrong end of the proposition to do his work. Personally, we regard the butcher shop as a much greater menace to society and public morals than the saloon. The butcher shop first manufactures the appetite for all excesses. Non-meat eaters are non-whisky drinkers. Not all meat eaters are whisky drinkers, but all whisky drinkers are meat eaters.

Let the shafts of all the great reformers be directed against the packing house slaughter pens—against the cold storage morgue barons of the country—the dealers in putrid carcasses embalmed to make them "palatable" for the consumer.

Let the churches and the Women's Christian Temperance organizations take up this work at the right end. I don't believe that it is possible for any person to be a Christian or live a Christian life who eats meat. It is simply hypocritical for any one to attempt to teach the religion of Christ and omit that part of His creed—"Thou shalt not kill." It burlesques the whole scheme of Christianity. It is the one great stumbling block to human progress.

The saloon is the product of the slaughter pen.

The houses of prostitution are the product of the slaughter pen.

The gambling hell is the product of the slaughter pen.

Vice in every form is the product of the slaughter pen.

Disease in every form is the product of the slaughter pen.

And shall we not say in this connection that the "Christian" church is also the product of the slaughter pen, since the majority of its disciples are the willing and anxious patrons of the slaughter pen?

Bring up the youth of the land on a rational food dietary and it will take but few generations to drive the saloon out

of business. It will retire peaceably for lack of support.

The consumer is what keeps the saloon going, and the saloon is practically the sole support of the brewery and distillery. You educate the consumer to higher conditions of living and you knock the prop from under both the saloon and the rum factory.

And by doing this you make a *man* of the consumer.

But let no one worry seriously, or at all, over these saloon or any other elections. We can lift a man up to a higher plane only when he is ready to be lifted.

People who are struggling in life on the lower level along with the saloon, certainly find a harmonious attraction else they would not be there. It is proper to lend them a guiding hand. This is the least we can do. But we cannot force them out of the rut. Having the right way pointed out to them, and the opportunity afforded, then if the downward course is persisted in, we may know that a necessary experience is being passed through—one that the Inner Presence can alone determine as to its proper length.

Saloons are degrading, offensive and all that, but they would not exist were there no demand for them. They are simply dispensing on a plane in harmony with the perverted appetites of the race, made so by long indulgence in methods of living which made physical wrecks of our forefathers.

We are looking for the time to come when our zealous "reformers" will become *real* reformers and start in at the root of the evils which fester upon the social body.

The slaughter pen is the first incubus to suppress. The saloon will disappear with its suppression.

Many Divorces Good Sign

WE FIND the following associated Press dispatch under recent date:

"In a sermon at the Church of the Messiah Rev. Minot J. Savage Sunday expressed the belief that on the whole, the large number of divorces at the present time is altogether to be welcomed.

"They are," he said, "nearly always in the interest of the oppressed women, giving them another opportunity for a free, sweet, wholesome life. There are cases where the divorce laws are abused,

but not nearly so many as the ministers of a great many of our churches seem to imagine.

"Law does not make marriages. The church does not make marriages. Men and women, if they are ever married, marry themselves. All the law can do is to make a clumsy attempt to protect; all the church can do is to recognize and try to conserve a fact which already exists. But if there is no marriage then it is desecration to keep up the sham."

Conable's Path-Finder discussed the subject of marriage and divorce at considerable length in a recent issue. We then stated that the doors of the divorce courts should be thrown wide open in every case where inharmonies exist in the home life.

I want to take Dr. Savage by the hand and congratulate him upon his advanced views and opinions respecting this most important of all the important events in life.

Marriage is purely and simply a man hand-made institution. The farcical words used in the ministerial marriage ceremony—"Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder"—or words to that effect, is simply a burlesque on both God and man. God has nothing to do with the affair. The whole marriage ceremony is a burlesque, and any attempt to keep men and women who are unsuited to each other together for life is not only unjust and tyrannical, but it is infamous.

Hell and the penitentiaries and the insane asylums are paved with the offspring of inharmonious marriages. Don't let us charge up the infamy of the marriage law as it now stands to God.

It is so easy to shirk the responsibility of man's fool mistakes and charge them up to an "Overruling Providence." We think that God cannot, or will not, resent the insult. This is a mistake.

But more than likely I am talking about one God and you are thinking about another God that has no existence. The God I am talking about is not the God of the church nor of any creed. My God is IT—neither He nor She. My God is not sexed and was not made by man in six days. The God I am talking about is the Great Infinite Creative Whole, and does not practice law in either the divorce or criminal courts, and does not stoop to the practice of per-

forming marriage ceremonies between the opposite sex of a race that is no more fitted to get married than is the two-year-old babe.

When I was holding down the "bench" a few years since as a justice in Colorado, I was called upon to marry a couple. You should have heard the ceremony. It startled all the natives present as well as the bride and groom; but they rather liked it—at least the woman did, for there was nothing in the ceremony about the woman obeying the man; but it *did* speak of the necessity of living such harmonious lives that no sins would be visited upon posterity.

The marriage relation, as practiced today by the great majority of people, is the crime of the age. Divorce courts cannot intervene too speedily.

A Forty-five Days' Fast

THE Path-Finder has a friend in Brooklyn, New York, Mr. J. Austin Shaw, who recently concluded a notable forty-five days' fast. During the progress of this fast, Mr. Shaw dropped us a postal every few days, telling us of his success.

We have been greatly interested in Mr. Shaw's undertaking, as he informed us soon after the beginning of the fast that he proposed to pass the thirty-day mark of the writer.

We asked Mr. Shaw to give us a short account of his fast, which we herewith append:

"That a man can work hard, sleep well and be merry without anything to eat for forty-five days has been proved in a most extraordinary manner by J. Austin Shaw, of Borough Park, Brooklyn. From April 9 to May 24 Mr. Shaw looked not upon food that was cooked or uncooked, or if he did look upon it it was without any great temptation to eat it. This fast exceeds Dr. Tanner's famous fasts and many other self-starvation records.

"In all that time Mr. Shaw worked from twelve to eighteen hours a day, and at the end of his forty-five days without food, instead of being weakened and emaciated, was, if anything, stronger and healthier than when he began to go without food. The explanation of this astonishing result lies largely in the fact that he had trained carefully and scientifically for three years in the seldom voluntarily practised art of fasting.

"Three years ago Mr. Shaw weighed 235 pounds. He was in fairly good health,

although he suffered occasionally from rheumatism.

"In the last three years Mr. Shaw has fasted at intervals, each fast being a little longer than its predecessor, and he has lost sixty-two pounds in weight and gained greatly in strength and health. He has become an enthusiastic apostle of starvation as a means to long life, and has a record of his experiences backed by photographs taken every few days during his last and longest fast.

"Fresh air is the secret, he said. You may say I lived during the last six weeks on air. I gave up coffee and meat and breakfast three years ago. I never take anything but a glass of water before noon. I never drink with my meals.

"As to my fasts, I began with three days' abstinence at a time with two weeks between fasts. Gradually I lengthened the time of going without food to ten days. I have no doubt I could have gone on in this long fast for fifty days or more, but I thought it better not to make the test too hard.

"I mean to live to be 100 years old and think I am on the right track. There is no reason we should not all live to be 100.

"The first two days of my fast were a little hard, but after that it was easy. I sometimes drank a little weak lemonade and once in a week or so a glass of unfermented grape juice or a spoonful of malted milk in hot water. The rest of my diet consisted of water.

"Temptations to break it did not amount to much. It wasn't the easiest thing in the world to carve for my family when we had a particularly good Sunday dinner, but I did not really feel the need of food.

"This brings me to the most important point of all. I had absolute confidence in myself and knew I was not in any danger. A doctor examined me every day. My pulse was normal at 60, and never went above 72 when I sprinted for a train. The mind plays a big role in health fasting. Faith and fresh air are the two important elements.

"I took my usual exercise and cold bath in the morning and worked each day in the city from twelve to eighteen hours. My work keeps me out of doors much of the time.

"Mr. Shaw intends to keep up his periodical fasting for the rest of his life and to abjure meat at all times and any food before noon. He is connected with a weekly horticultural paper and

is a man somewhat under fifty years.

"Mr. Shaw cautions those who would seek foodless health not to start in too ambitiously. Three days is about all the beginner can stand. He, himself, looks as fresh after his recent remarkable fast as if he had just returned from an ideal vacation. He lost twenty-six pounds, a little more than half a pound a day. But there is not a wrinkle to show it. He asserts that though he worked more than usual, he did not at any time feel the least fatigued. He does not use alcohol nor is he a smoker."

Mr. Shaw is writing a book covering in diary form every day of his long fast, with all particulars as to his pulse, temperature, physiological effects, medical testimony, after results, etc. This will be published at a price that will enable everybody to read and benefit from this wonderful experience, and so find, as he has done, the path to perfect health "without money and without price."

It is Mr. Shaw's intention to lecture during the coming season and practically demonstrate the benefit of fasting by doing so during a thirtyday engagement.

A Word Concerning the Ego

Mr. E. W. Conable: I see by reading your magazine that you say if the Ego in the man does not want the man to die, that he just must live, and that the Ego controls the body. That put me to thinking of Lazarus. The Ego left his body, but Christ called it back. Is the Ego subject to the Christ, or is the Ego the Christ in us, or simply the spiritual body of the Christ? If the Ego is the power and knows when to leave the body, is there a power somewhere that can bring it back against its will?

Please answer and oblige.

Very truly yours,

J. C. WOODRUFF.

THE EGO is the Spirit life inhabiting the body; the life that lives on eternally—never-ending; the God within us; the Christ spirit; same as the Christ spirit which inhabited the body of Jesus. The Ego had simply stepped out of the body of Lazarus, but the ligaments of life holding the Ego to the body were not severed, hence it was not difficult for Jesus to induce re-animation—the return of the Ego. But had the life liga-

ments been severed, it would have been past the power of Jesus to restore Lazarus to consciousness.

There was no complete severance between the physical Lazarus and the Ego inhabiting Lazarus's body. And this does not necessarily signify that the body of Lazarus was simply in a trance state. It was just as dead as any doctor could make it, except that decomposition would not take place until there was a complete severance of the Ego from the body.

We hear of people being "buried alive." This is when the body is buried before the Ego is completely severed, and returns, which causes re-animation—the renewal of physical consciousness. A body never should be buried until there are evidences of the beginning of mortification. Otherwise great risk is run.

When once an Ego departs from a body permanently—that is, when the life ligaments are completely severed—no power, living or dead, can re-animate the physical body.

You may ask, cannot God—the great Creative Energy—accomplish everything? The creative forces of Nature never negative their own laws. These laws are fixed and arbitrary. They are not to be trifled with. When once the animating spirit withdraws from any form of growth, there is physical death; or more properly speaking, disintegration. Disintegration means the separating of parts.

Death means the withdrawal of the Ego. The Ego would not withdraw except that we make the tenement uninhabitable by our persistent physical misconduct.

Short Paths

—A June 15th Lincoln, Neb., dispatch reads: "A populist convention to name a candidate for congress in the First Nebraska district was called to meet in this city today, but when the hour for convening came not a delegate could be found." Doubtless they were all still in the "middle of the road."

—Now that the Japs have licked the stuffing out of Russia on both land and sea, our Salvation Army friends have set aside a week of prayer for peace. If there is a personal God who is running all this terrestrial machinery, it is very doubtful if His plans can be changed by even the beating of a bass drum.

—Once again Henry Harrison Brown's *Now* comes to our desk as a January-February double number, in its old form, without a cover. Brother Brown says the magazine will appear regularly hereafter, as it is now on its feet in better shape financially than ever before. This will be good news to *Now's* many subscribers.

—An Eastern writer says that President Roosevelt is an "intellectual bulldog." Doubtless it is meant by this that he has some real things in his head, but is filled with the spirit of shedding blood—the blood of animals that cannot protect themselves. Perhaps this is true. I shouldn't be surprised. In fact, there is no doubt about it.

—This is a great town for suicides—two or three a day sometimes. A woman finds her husband in company with another woman and a man finds his wife in company with another man. So it goes. The priest, coroner and undertaker do the rest. My, but this is a "tropical" climate. I am going to move to the frigid zone of North Pasadena.

—Embalmed milk is a very common California product. Embalming fluid keeps the milk from souring prematurely. Here is a sample of the milk your dairyman is bringing you: To twenty gallons of milk add twenty gallons of water. To this add chalk and a deadly poison for coloring purposes. Then add a few drops of embalming fluid to keep the milk from having a sour taste. This

product is warranted to kill the healthiest babe at short range, and ruin the stomach of the healthiest adult on short notice. Just stay with the stuff a few months and watch results. But don't stop using dairy milk for anything.

—We are about to have a new dose of doctors thrown on the market. Columbia College has just conferred the degree of "Doctor of Letters" upon a coterie of "men of letters." But there is no occasion for serious alarm unless at some future time these new doctors should attempt to fix State legislatures so as to make the taking of their literary doses compulsory.

—Volume 1, No. 1, of *The New Way*, has just reached us from its new home—Washington, D. C. *The New Way* is a finely printed 36-page magazine, devoted to "Unfoldment of the Higher Life." It has a corps of some ten contributors, among which are several well-known writers—Henry Frank, Nancy McKay Gordon, J. A. Edgerton (the poet) and others. It is a copyrighted publication. We failed to find the name of its editor anywhere in the publication, though the editor's work does not appear to any extent anywhere in the publication outside the introductory notice, which is technically well worded, the magazine being almost wholly the work of contributors. Conable's Path-Finder welcomes the new publication to the field of higher teaching. *The New Way* is published at 1107 E Street N. W., Washington, D. C. Price, \$1 per year.

Dress Reform for Women

By MAUD JOHNSON

A FRIEND gave me a valuable hint recently regarding a method of eliminating the numerous waist bands and still providing for ample fullness in the skirt. This friend wears a short chemise, around the bottom of which is a row of buttons to which can be buttoned one, two, or more flounces. This gives one plenty of fullness in the skirt and eliminates the waist band altogether. One can have flounces of various colors and materials, adding them or taking them off without removing the outer garment. This is a very convenient and sensible arrangement, and if over this a princess dress be worn one

would have a combination both comfortable and graceful.

This same friend has substituted socks for stockings. She says the socks need not be supported at all. I have tried wearing them, but cannot do so without garters of some kind. This friend, however, wears long knit underwear, and that, of course, helps to keep the socks in place. How to support the stockings becomes a very serious subject to the corsetless woman. When one lays aside the corset one must give up the usual method of supporting the hose. To wear circular garters or suspenders fastened about the waist is out of the

question hygienically. To fasten the ordinary suspenders to a muslin waist or other loose garment is impracticable. The foundation is not solid enough and gives one the feeling of being pulled from side to side when walking. I am now trying suspenders that come over the shoulder. They are not altogether satisfactory, but are the best I have found so far. These straps pass over the shoulder in a loop which meets at the hip, at which place is fastened the ordi-



GYMNASIUM COSTUME

nary hose supporter. A strap or two across the back keeps the shoulder straps from slipping over the arms. Do not have any strap over the chest. That gives one a feeling of being drawn forward, and makes one feel like stooping. Don't wear anything that binds the chest. If any of my readers know of any way to support the stockings in a more convenient or healthful way than the one above mentioned, I would be glad to hear from them. I asked a friend once how she managed that question and she answered: "I can think of only one way to solve the stocking question, and that is to go barefooted."

That is the way I solve the hat question—go bareheaded. Fortunately, I shall be on a ranch all summer and shall be able to go bareheaded and barefooted to my heart's content. I lived on a ranch two years and went barefooted most of the time. That was the first time in my life that I had no corns. Going barefoot is a sure cure for corns. Some have asked me if I have no difficulty in putting on shoes again after going barefooted. No. I have gone without shoes and stockings for days at a time and then put on shoes, gone to the city, and walked all day without the slightest inconvenience. Of course I buy shoes that are big enough for me. I do not try to get a number five foot into a number three shoe. A lady once said to me: "I would like to go barefooted like you do, for my feet hurt me so, but I do not dare to do so, for if I walk with my shoes off, my feet swell so that I cannot get my shoes on again." Poor mortal, she will probably go through life suffering, just to wear a shoe two sizes too small. Swell? Of course your foot will swell if you have been wearing a shoe that is tight. Your foot will expand to its normal size just the minute it gets a chance. But after it has once gained that state you need not fear its getting any larger. You may then go barefooted as much as you like and your foot will ever remain the same. Then buy a shoe that fits, a shoe that fits your foot in its normal state, but please do not talk about your foot swelling after you take off a tight shoe. The swelling of that foot is just as natural as is the sigh of relief that comes from your dressing room when you take off that tight corset.

With this article is given an illustration of the Path-Finder gymnasium costume. This costume consists of a man's shirt and knickerbockers. The shirt is very satisfactory, as one can twist, and turn and bend without the slightest fear of pulling apart. The shoes worn are the regulation heel-less gymnasium shoes. It is necessary to have a heel-less shoe for gymnasium work, as one is apt to turn the foot or strain the ankle if a heel is worn. I have known of people being seriously hurt in jumping from a bicycle and turning the foot on a high heel.

Much good has been gained by our few weeks' work in the Path-Finder gymnasium, and I would like to encourage Path-Finders everywhere to get together for work along these lines. It makes one young again, and you know

we must again become as little children. When we meet together thus twice a week we romp and play like the little folks do, and that is what we need. We must forget that we are getting old, or rather, we must learn to keep young in spite of the fact that the years are rolling by.

The subject of remaining young was well treated in an article by Mrs. Howland in *Naturopath*, from which I would like to quote:

"Much that conventionality has determined as the 'dignity of age' is in reality the dignity of death. 'My daughter, you are too old to wear short dresses. You are too old to romp and play.' 'Mother, such an article is not becoming to your age.' How often these and similar suggestions are given forth to act and react with a cumulative power upon the organism of daughter and mother and hasten the oncoming of

the decay called 'old age.' It were better for the physical could the mother dream herself a young lady, and that the young lady should realize herself a child. Do not allow custom to prevent the appropriate active exercise, playful and restful, the appearance also of youth. Do not assume the falsely so-called 'dignity of age' either in clothing or manner."

I would like to state in closing, as I have stated before, that the perfect form needs no enhancing. The healthy, happy woman is beautiful in anything she may wear. There is no costume that belongs by right to any particular sex, nationality or age. Develop a beautiful body and then wear any costume, this is neat, comfortable and healthful. There is no objection to a beautiful costume, but health of body must come first. If you can have both, so much the better.

The Evolution of God

Number 5

IT IS unquestionably true, as stated in our last article, that "In the history of the human family there was a moment when *Consciousness* first dawned upon some individual, and the power to know then had its birth." In the recognition of this fact it is easy to account for the story of Adam and Eve which appears in the book of Genesis, and around which whole libraries of fanciful and absurd teaching have been constructed. St. Augustine and many of the so-called "Evangelical Fathers of the Church" insisted that the Biblical narrative of the Creation and the fall of man was literal history; and it is unfortunate that the Christian Church eventually came to accept their interpretation as Orthodox Truth. But Philo, Clement, Origen, Ambrose and others who were accounted the greatest scholars of the ancient Christian world, always insisted that the story was purely allegorical, and vehemently protested against the acceptance of any other interpretation. This latter is the view now taken by all modern scholars, who regard the Hebrew account of the Creation of Man as purely traditional—as Allegory or Myth—and on a par with the Mythologies which precede the authentic histories of all the great nations of the

world, such, for example, as those of Egypt, Chaldea, Persia, Phoenicia, Greece and Rome. Even the Thibetans have their account of the Creation, and of a first pair of human beings; and their story is fully as credible as that to be found in the Bible.

The first result of Consciousness to our primitive ancestor would naturally be wonder and awe, which would be excited within him by a recognition of the difference in the forms, colors and general appearance of the natural objects around him. His dawning and feeble mind might be compared to that of an infant at our stage of evolution; and during his whole lifetime the quantity of actual knowledge that he could acquire would necessarily be very limited. The stones at his feet, the flowers with their variety of forms and their glorious colorings, the shrubs, the trees, the genial sun by day and the moon and the stars by night; the winds, the rivers, the sea, the mountains; the noise of the sea and the roar of the wind during a storm, as well as the other natural phenomena—all these would be mysteries to him absolutely beyond his childlike comprehension.

Then, from his observation of natural objects and from the experience which would thus come to him, he would pres-

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Then, from his observation of natural objects and from the *experience* which would thus come to him, he would pres-

ently reach a second stage of evolution *as to thought*. Little by little, as we may easily imagine, he would learn to believe that certain things were agreeable or advantageous to him, while others were disagreeable or hurtful. And thus would dawn upon him a recognition of the two opposite qualities of *good* and *evil*, in which categories, with further knowledge and increased reasoning power, he would learn to classify everything in his actual—but as yet very limited—physical world.

A step still further, and we arrive at a *mental effect* produced by primitive man's accumulating experiences. As might be expected he would learn to desire or *love* the good, and to fear or *hate* the evil. It is possible even that very soon there would come to him a recognition of the *moral* qualities designated respectively Good and Evil, as we now understand them. But at any rate the Good was to be desired for its own sake, and as it were *to be asked for*; while the Evil was to be dreaded and avoided, thus causing the wish that it *should not be sent*. Hence, therefore, the simple origin of what we now call Prayer, in its varied forms of *supplication* and *deprecation*. We pray *for* the good that we might receive it: we pray *against* the evil that it might be kept away from us. Everything in human thought is a matter of Evolution.

Of the natural objects which, at the very first, would most attract the attention of primitive man, because of the benefits which he received from them, at the head of the list, without question, would stand the Sun. From the great orb of day he drew light and heat, both of which in themselves were good. Nay, more; very speedily he would come to know that these were indeed *superlatively good*, and that without them he could not even have life. Hence, in his ignorance of Nature, he would be willing to believe that the sun itself, which dispensed such blessings, was somehow or other endowed with the qualities of life to a supernatural extent; and thus at length he would regard it as a *living thing* of the supremest power and greatness, with nothing its equal existing. For this reason, therefore, the sun would become to him an object to be *prayed to*, venerated, worshipped.

In fact, "the god of day" was, without doubt, *the very first actual deity* to which man addressed his supplications for the satisfying of such natural wants in the

way of food, etc., as he may have experienced in his primitive and simple state. Sun-worship, in the lapse of ages, became common to every tribe of the human race; and it still survives in the religion of some of the most cultivated of the Orientals, the sun and fire being to them the emblems of life. In the same manner a multitude of natural objects became *gods*, to which were attributed superhuman or supernatural qualities, because of the part they were supposed to play in controlling and directing the destinies of the human family, or adding to its material comfort and advantage.

To this worship of natural objects the modern name of Fetishism has been given; and it still prevails among many savage and degraded tribes who are found in Africa, Borneo, New Guinea and elsewhere. In every case the *fetish* is regarded as possessing—or as being the vehicle of—supernatural powers and influences, all of which the person possessing the fetish can control or direct at his pleasure, and for his own benefit. A learned author has recently written thus concerning the subject: "From the earliest days of the world's history man has been more or less a religious creature. Almost invariably he has had a god, or several of them, to whom he looked for protection. At times these gods have been crude fetishes of whittled wood, or roughly hewn stone; at times they have assumed the form of animals and reptiles, or have appeared as cruel monsters, eager for the life-blood of those who revered them. But, however they may have come, man has worshipped them, because religion, as represented in the worship of supernatural power, is interwoven with the fabric of human nature."

Traces of fetishism are everywhere to be found in Egyptian and classic mythology; and they exist even among the beliefs common in our modern civilized life. Artificial as well as natural objects are sometimes used as fetishes, the savage regarding nothing as too great or too small to serve the purposes of his devotions.

Druidism, which was the religion of the ancient Gauls and Britons, was founded on fetishism, of which it may be accepted as an excellent illustration, although in the time of Julius Caesar the Druids, or priests, are said to have taught the doctrine of the soul's immortality, and to have had as lofty concep-

tions of God as the Hebrew people themselves. "Human sacrifices were a natural consequence of the idea, dominant now as in the days of the Druids, that the higher the victim the more complete the atonement offered to the deity for the sins of man." The reference in this quotation, of course, is to the sacrifice of Christ, whom, without question, multitudes of so-called Christian people regard merely as an exalted fetish, upon which is thrown, to the very last moment of their foolish lives, the burden of all their sins.

The Druids had especial veneration for the oak tree, in dense, dark groves of which they performed their sacred but cruel rites; among which was that of burning alive, in huge wicker-work images made in the form of a man, the prisoners who had fallen into their hands during a war. The mistletoe which grew on the oak was held in the highest veneration as a gift from heaven, and was "regarded as emblematical of man, a creature dependent entirely on God for support, and yet with an individual existence of his own." A mistletoe found so growing was cut with a golden knife by a priest clad in a white robe; and to it were at once sacrificed two white bulls. The Druids also worshipped the snake, and had special veneration for what was called the *anguinum*, or snake's egg, which was said to possess miraculous properties. Such were the ancient characteristics of what we now know as fetishism, which is rightly regarded as the first form of worship that existed among the human race, and which prevailed in all inhabited lands for untold ages during prehistoric times.

Sir John Lubbock, the distinguished English scientist and naturalist, defines fetishism as "that stage of religious thought in which man supposes he can force deities to comply with his desires." He also regards it as the next stage above pure atheism, in the religious progress which passes from it, through *totemism* and *shamanism* into idolatry. As indicating the various stages in the evolution of our ideas concerning God, such a definition may be considered as historically correct.

Totem is a name given to a class of material objects which a savage regards with superstitious respect, believing that there exists between him and every member of the class an intimate and altogether special relation. The name is derived from an Ojibway word. The

connection between a man and his totem is mutually beneficent: the totem protects the man, and the man shows his respect for the totem in various ways, by not killing it if it be an animal, and not cutting or gathering it if it be a plant. "As distinguished from a *fetish*, a totem is never an isolated individual, but always a *class* of objects; generally a species of animals or of plants, more rarely a class of inanimate natural objects, very rarely a class of artificial objects."

Thus the turtle, elk, bear, whale, snake, adder, crow, gazelle, hyena, buzzard, wolf, turkey, scorpion, kangaroo, mullet, dog, rat, eaglehawk, pelican, cockatoo, etc., besides trees and plants are all totems of the North American Indians, the Australian negroes, various races in all parts of Africa, and some of the natives of Bengal (India), Java, Samoa, and other islands of the Eastern Archipelago. The totem name in every case becomes that of the tribe or clan, as the Crow Indians, etc. The relation between a man and his totem is one of mutual help and protection. If the man respects and cares for the totem, he expects the totem will do the same by him.

All the members of a totem clan regard each other as kinsman, or brothers and sisters, and are bound to help and protect each other. The totem bond is stronger than the bond of blood or family in the modern sense. This is expressly stated of the clans of Western Australia, and of Northwestern America (Alaska), and is probably true of all societies where totemism exists in full force." In some instances the clans regard their totems as embodiments of the spirits of their ancestors, and therefore they look with horror upon killing them, as is the case among the natives of Madagascar.

The following with respect to this subject has been taken from the *House-keeper* for June:

"Broadly, the totem is the badge of a clan or tribe, but it signifies a great deal more than mere political or social alliance. It is not only a tribal symbol of nationality but also an expression of religion; not simply a bond of union among primitive peoples, but also a regulator of marriage laws and of other social institutions.

"Among the Ojibway Indians there are no fewer than twenty-three different totems. Nine of these are quadrupeds, marking out the wolf, the bear, the

beaver and other clans, eight are birds, five are fishes and one is the snake.

"Some extraordinary superstitions regarding totems prevail in Samoa. Thus, it is believed that if a Turtle-man eats of a turtle, he will grow very ill and the voice of the turtle will be heard in his inside, saying: 'He ate me; I am killing him.' If a Banana-man uses a banana leaf for a cap he becomes bald. If a Butterfly-man catches a butterfly, it strikes him dead. If a Fowl-man eats a fowl, delirium and death result. And so on—all going to show that the totem has something of the quality of a fetish as well as the significance of a family emblem.

"Regarding totemism, it is to be noted that the relation of mutual help and pro-

tection includes also the totem itself; that is to say, if a man takes care of his totem, he expects the totem to return the compliment. If the totem is a dangerous animal, it must not hurt his clansmen. The Scorpion-men of Senegambia declare that the most deadly scorpions will run over their bodies without hurting them. There is a snake clan in Australia which holds to a similar belief. Among the Crocodile clan of the Bechuanas if a man is bitten by a crocodile, or even has water splashed on him by one, he is expelled from the clan as one esteemed unworthy by the totem."

It might be added in conclusion, that totemism was prevalent in Cyprus and Italy in ancient times, as well as in other parts of Europe. K.

Hygienic Remarks

By CHARLOTTE BRIGHT PITCH

THE universal desire today is for health, beauty and longevity. A most reasonable wish and one easy of universal accomplishment.

This statement may seem an exaggeration when one looks at the faces one meets and reads in the majority of them that they are anything but the faces of perfect health, and that to find a man or woman in our civilized society who is *perfectly* well, is a case extremely rare.

Yet every face might mirror health, beauty and intelligence if we would but put a very little knowledge into practical effect.

Like Socrates, we have come to realize that self knowledge is the basis and incentive of all human action and endeavor, and that through action and endeavor we attain the things we desire.

The secret, then, is to "Know Thyself," and to know one's self means much. It means a realization of the wonderful power and abilities which lie dormant within, and the knowledge of how to adapt these to best serve self—thus benefiting humanity in general, as each soul with whom you come in contact is benefited, if you are a perfect man.

It should be realized, also, that constant care is indispensable to a long life of beauty and health. Study earnestly what foods, what drinks and what exercise is most suitable for yourself in your particular mode of life and occupation.

Learn what you can from men of experience, but draw your own deductions—use your own God-given knowledge as to what is most suitable for you, and how to act regarding them so as to gain the most perfect health.

As Americans, we have a high standard of mentality, but a deplorable lack of ability to put into practice the little knowledge which is needed—hence so much disease and misery.

Men and women cannot violate the immutable laws of Nature's God and yet possess grace, power and loveliness.

To one interested in the welfare of humanity, it is appalling to see the manner in which intelligent beings hazard health and grow old before their time, when a resolve to do one's duty to one's self, then fully live up to the requirements of nature, which are of the simplest kind, are the only requisites necessary.

First, let us consider the bed-chamber and hygiene of the bed, as the bed is the place where a person seventy-five years of age has spent twenty-five years, or at least one-third of their life.

The body has a great part to perform in whatever the mind plans for it to accomplish, and as every thought which flashes from the brain, every emotion which stirs the soul, and every throb of the human heart produces a waste of tissue, it is of the greatest importance that the body should have the required

amount of rest under the most favorable conditions.

The importance of the arrangements of the sleeping apartments and of the bath in the home are not half appreciated, and are usually not fully understood.

If possible, have all bedchambers with a southern exposure, so that the purifying rays of the sun may enter during the greater part of the day. The more windows the better—the larger and more airy the room the better.

The floors of bedrooms should be bare, with only small rugs, easily removed for airing.

Have few hangings and plain furniture, as upholstered furniture, as well as carpets and hangings, absorb and retain disease germs which are propagated unless destroyed by the sun's heat and light.

Have nothing in a bedroom which is not washable.

In selecting a bed it is better to choose a light one which can easily be moved to a convenient place for its daily sun bath. Select springs that are very firm, and a mattress of the hard kind that will hold the body and not let it sink into a cramped mass.

Now, as to the manner of bathing. To keep the skin perfectly clear from sebaceous matter is more than half the secret of keeping the body healthful and the intellect bright. By the proper bath the muscles and tissues are strengthened and hardened.

Once a week—at night—take the cleansing bath, using warm water, the purest Castile soap and a suitable brush, softening the water with ammonia or borax, preferably borax.

Rinse with a spray with gradually chilled water. Dry with a rough towel, rubbing until the flesh is red and tingling with the increased flow of blood.

When it is convenient, a vapor or Turkish bath is advisable, and should be taken for the weekly cleansing. The arrangement for a vapor bath is inexpensive and no bathroom is complete, or should be without it.

After the above bath, massage the entire body gently with olive oil. This once a week.

Then, every morning on arising quickly sponge the entire body with cold water to which a handful of salt has been added. This is invigorating. Then take a glass of water and you will feel

better equipped to accomplish any task which may come into your field of labor during the day.

There is nothing like pure cold water to refresh and cleanse one internally as well as externally.

It might here be added that a weekly flushing of the colon is an undreamed of benefit to the entire system and is conducive to health and beauty.

For the enema use tepid salt water.

After a few weeks you will find you can easily retain a gallon of water, which amount will thoroughly cleanse the colon. If this weekly flushing be adhered to, one need have little fear of appendicitis and other serious internal ailments which are so prevalent.

For the daily evening bath, repeat that of the morning except to substitute the juice of a lemon to a basin of cold water, instead of salt, as in the morning bath.

These baths are beautifying, and if taken daily one will shortly see and feel the beneficial results. There will be a decided improvement in the complexion as well as in the general health. A morning and evening bath takes but a few moments of one's time, and the luxurious effect of the ones described might well have been envied by the old Romans, who were supposed to be authorities on all matters pertaining to the bath. The skin actively performs its functions by properly throwing off the organic waste matter, and its continuous task is lightened and assisted more by the bath than by any other means. After the purifying evening bath of lemon juice, retire to the sort of bed previously described.

Remove all undergarments worn during the day, and do not have an excess of covering. Give the pores a chance to breathe as well as the nostrils. Among my acquaintances are a husband and wife, who, through the coldest nights of our California winter, have slept with only a linen sheet for covering and they declare the results to be more than beneficial.

After retiring stretch out straight and use only a small pillow—preferably none. Cast from your mind all thought of care, worry or toil that may have come to you in a busy day. Relax your entire body—relax your face and get a smile on it, think of the most pleasant thing that has come into your life, then shut your eyes and dream of heaven.

The Discovery of God

By GEO. W. CAREY

THE fifth verse of the last chapter of the book of Job reads as follows:

"I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee."

The wonderful writings and scientific statements found in the Bible, that book of all books, were recorded at dates covering thousands of years by men and women who never heard of each other. Some of these teachers lived away back in the age when the solar system was swinging through the zodiacal sign, Taurus; when Phalic worship prevailed; when the number six was understood as sex, and the creative or formative principle operating through the sex functions was worshipped as the very Holy of Holies. Other teachers who contributed to the knowledge of life and its operations contained in the Bible, lived in the age of Aries, a fire sign, when fire and the sun were worshipped as the very essence of God, and as heat, the cause of the phenomenon called fire, cannot be seen, it was a reasonable thing to say that "no one can see God and live." So then, it depends upon the point of view one has of God, or the Spirit of things, whether he says, no one can see God and live or say, "Now mine eye seeth thee."

I think the writer of the book named Job must have lived more than eight thousand years ago, even before the Taurian age—symbolized by the Winged Bull of Nineveh—which was the Gemini age, the age of perception and expression, being an air age. Let it be understood that an age in this connection means 2200 years, the period for the sun to pass across one of the signs of the zodiac.

In an air age souls awaken to their divine heritage and realize their Godhood. The writer of Job lived in the Gemini or air age and could see God and live. Our solar system has entered the sign, Aquarius, another air sign, and the spiritualized elements so act upon our brain-cells that we are able to understand the teachers of a past air age and also see God and live.

Carlyle, the prince of literary critics, said the book of Job is the most wonderful and beautiful literary production

ever given to the world. Certainly the scientific truths of astrology and alchemy and of the soul's operation in flesh as set forth in that book are without a parallel. The letters J. O. B., have an occult, scientific meaning. I and J are the same and IOB means the same as JOB. I means the eternal I. All the Hebrew letters were formed from I. O means the universe without beginning or end, and B means Beth, a body, house, church or temple. Therefore, God or all may be discovered, or seen, in JOB or IOB. The word, Job, has no reference to a person. The name, or letters of the word, symbolize principle, the same as wisdom, knowledge, intelligence or Christ or Buddah. We symbolize the principles of our government in personalities and picture them in the form of a man or woman, namely, Uncle Sam, or Columbia. But we do more than that: we put words in their mouths and make them utter speech. And shall we ignore these facts when dealing with the record of past ages? One record plainly states that Jesus spake only in parables.

But let us consider more closely the subject of the text—the discovery of God. If the statement "I and the Father are one" creative power, is true, the I must be the Father manifested or expressed. As it is not possible to conceive of the Father except through expression, we must conclude that manifestation in some form of so-called matter is eternal—the great necessity and has therefore always been.

It is quite as reasonable to think that some oxygen and hydrogen has eternally existed in gaseous form, some in the combination that causes water and some in the more concrete or concentrated form known as ice as to think that oxygen and hydrogen were created and proceeded to form water or ice. Then upon the postulate that Spirit and matter—that is, bodily or material expression—are one, it follows logically that matter including the physical body or temple of man, is as necessary to the Father-Mother principle while held in a given rate of activity or expression as this life essence is nec-

essary to matter, or the physical structure of man. If I do not see oxygen and hydrogen when I look at the manifestation we call ice, then there is no ice. When I see water, I know just how oxygen and hydrogen appear when united. So when I look at any form of so-called matter, I know exactly how God appears at that particular time and place. I do not see the effect or works of God, but I *see God* and just as much of God, face to face, as I am capable of seeing or recognizing at a certain time,

I hold in my hand that particular form of the one thing called a ROSE. Material thought says it is made by God, or that God is in the rose or back of it or that God caused or created it, but when Spirit asks where is the God that created the rose, where has he betaken Himself, material belief is silent. What gulfs between this concept and God—the everywhere present Substance. But hold a moment! I have here a bud, a half formed rose. If God makes a rose, he must continue the work to completion. Ah, speak softly! Look closely! The rose is NOW BEING made and you say God is making it. Yes, you said God made this full-blown rose. Well, then, He is surely NOW at work on that half-blown rose. Bring on your spectroscope, your microscope! Quick now, you chemist! Bring on your test tubes, your acids and alkalis! Analyze, illuminate and magnify! Now we shall discover God. He is here at work before our eyes. What do you see, chemist? What do you see, scientist? Ah! I know what you see. My experiences in the realm of matter and of Spirit tell me what you see. O thou stupendous sex force—sex—days of creation, thou Mother-Father of Yahveh, thou divine male and female, thou eternal positive and negative dynamis! We now behold thee operating. Out from the chemicalizing mass of God's creative compounds, out of the quivering, vibrating substance slowly comes forth the rose. But are you sure it is a rose?

Hold a moment. What is a rose? Of what material is it formed? Ah, the chemist speaks! He of the crucibles and test tubes and acids! Hear the chemist! He says, "The rose is made from the universal substance." Thanks. Blessed be the chemist. Universal—one verse—one substance—no other substance—God is substance—God is all—God is the rose, or the smile we call a rose.

"Acids and alkalis acting,
Proceeding and acting again.
Operating, transmuting, fomenting.
In throes and spasms of pain—
Uniting, reacting, creating.
Like souls "passing under the rod"—
Some people call it Chemistry.
And others call it God."

Job did not say, "I see the thoughts of God," nor did he say, "I can fathom the mind of God." The plan cannot be seen but that which is planned—a planet—can be seen. One may see the substance of God without understanding the mind of God.

Let us hear Emerson on this stupendous, glorious theme. Emerson the musician of the soul. He who came and touched a chord of the human Harp, so long unused that e'er its tones came forth to thrill the heart, the Harper had departed on his way. And even now we must tiptoe and hold back the breath to catch even the faint echoes from that smitten note that shall forevermore vibrate with the music of the stars.

"The great idea baffles wit,
Language falters under it;
It leaves the learned in the lurch—
Nor art, nor power, nor toil can find
The measure of the Eternal Mind,
Nor hymn, nor prayer, nor church."

O thou ever-present Divine Mind and Substance! We now fully realize our oneness with thee and bathe and revel in thy glory. The mighty Angel of Reality has torn the veil of illusion and we see the celestial City of Truth with wide open gates and the white light of Eternal Love forever upon its streets.

Oh soul, in the shadow of sickness and trial, "take up thy bed and walk; thy sins be forgiven thee."



A Responsive Chord

Los Angeles, June 15, 1905.

Friend Conable; I note in June Path-Finder you say "Create." I say, Amen. This is just what I have been endeavoring to do for, lo, these many years, and I can plainly recognize the results of creative thoughts generated within myself. But the results have only come by putting those thoughts into *use*. When I thought that chewing and smoking tobacco was not beneficial to my health and was a filthy, obnoxious, useless habit, I immediately used my thought by abstaining from using the harmful stuff. The never-failing preventive used was to never allow another particle to even come near my lips. The application of that thought has been of great benefit to me in finding the onward and ever-upward Path. Then it was not long until my intuitive brain commenced to generate a thought that animal flesh (called meat) was not a proper food for me, or to bury within the inner man; making a receptacle or cemetery of the human body for dead and decaying flesh. This thought culminated into a visible reality about twelve years ago, by just quitting eating meat. This has been, I think, the greatest victory attained or attainable so far. I have never indulged in the drinking of intoxicants of any kind, excepting tea and coffee, and they were easily disposed of after the above deadly appetites were thoroughly overcome, consequently I have never been required to grow through that terrible mistake.

Brother Conable, my space is ever too short for me to express myself in my uneducated way. But allow me to say that my thoughts have always been self-created. Thanks for the strength that has been given me through the great volume of which I have read, especially from pages of the Path-Finder and the books written by the editor. And now I *must* note your last "go on." May your twelve hundred feet elevated location

upon that plateau where you can still look up to Echo Mountain, where starts the incline to Mount Lowe, and still be within the limits of the lovely city of Pasadena. Your expectations cannot fail of realization from and by the uplifting of the human race; by the lessons taught in learning how to live; and barring the Path-Finder, I know of nothing that will assist the millions who are in search of health and opulence more or better than your book, "Factors in the Process of Human Development—The Book of the New Century." If there are any readers of this article who have not already got it and read it, send for it at once. Read it in the morning, at noon and before retiring. Learn and live its precepts, and health and happiness will be yours. A law prohibiting saloons will not be a necessity. A law allowing divorces will not be needed. A law trying to compel man to be honest will not have any use. War will be at an end, the labor question settled, and strikes never be again heard of on land or sea. All this and much more, for the getting, reading and living that which can be found in this little book. Why will ye suffer and die when health and opulence are so easily obtained?

But now I have only space to add a portion of the last paragraph by the editor of this little text book: "The Elixir of Eternal Life is yours, my friends. It is for every one who would reach out for it. No one is deprived of the truth. Some may fall by the wayside, but there will really be no excuse for this failure, for once your eyes rest upon the vision of Supreme Possibilities, nothing will induce you to turn backward. You will see only the Mountain Peak and the hand that beckons you onward. This hand is yourself."

As ever, yours for this onward, upward march.

J. WESLEY BROOKS,
1414 Tennessee St., Los Angeles.



For Consumptives to Read

Chloride, Ariz., June 10, 1905.

Mr. E. W. Conable—Dear Sir: I see in an article in "Medical Talk," that the editor quotes a part of your editorial in the April number of the Path-Finder, in which you are thrashing the hotels and lodging houses for "outlawing" consumptives.

I have lived in Los Angeles, and I do not see why consumptives go there, as the climate will do them more harm than good. This is a much better climate for them in which to get well. However, very few of them come here, as they say that it is lonesome.

Now, in addition to the climate, there are all sorts of entertainments there to keep patients up at night; that is, such of them as are able to drag themselves out, when, in fact, a consumptive should rest in bed from sunset to sunrise, whether he can sleep or not. The rest that they get in the early part of the night does them the most good.

I believe that consumption is not contagious. I have slept with patients, besides nursing them and washing for them, and have never caught it. I think that people can be frightened into it, as the mind has great power over the body for good or ill, according as it is used.

I wish some of them would come to me. I would take them and cure them, with the aid of this dry climate—that is, if their lungs are not entirely gone.

From childhood I have always had a great power for finding out what ailed a patient and knowing what to do to cure him. Through this power, it has been possible for me to cure many cases that the doctors had pronounced incurable.

I am a mental healer, but I do not depend wholly upon mentalism. I use what material remedies my intuition tells me, and I cure faster than any one whom I have ever seen. I usually start the patients on the road to recovery the first day, and very soon have them thinking that they are well. If I had many I would start a sanitarium, where I would have nothing to do but administer to the sick. I was born with a love of the work.

Now, if you know of any one who is sick with this disease and who desires to recover from it, and who is able to pay a reasonable price for help, will you kindly request them to write to me?

If they have any lungs at all to build upon, I will cure them, but they will have to obey my orders. I could keep

from two to four if they were able to walk. Living is very dear here, but if they wish to get well it is worth trying.

It gets pretty warm, but we never have any sunstrokes, and the winters are generally mild.

Sending you thoughts of success and happiness, I am,

Most cordially yours,

(Mrs.) MARY J. TILLMAN.

From Sister Pauline

Allegheny, Pennsylvania.

Edgar Wallace Conable — Dear Brother: Please do not estimate the value I place upon your very kind token, "Factors in the Process of Human Development," according to the length of time I have been in acknowledging its possession. Leisure of late has been rare with me, hence, the reading of it much retarded. But I am now ready to diagnose it: Aryan wisdom well defined, Saxon philosophy more topically perceptible. In fact, to use a common parlance, Brother, you have surely woven an all-around, up-to-date (and a little over)book, being verified by your own demonstrations. *And it is fine.* In it there is just one assertion, while I do not veto it, remember, I am going to tell you precisely how I figure the question for myself. Seems to me it would become awfully monotonous to the spirit to be obliged to cater to the flesh indefinitely. Sure, I realize most emphatically the necessity of reincarnation—and no one on earth at the present time is more solicitous than myself of retaining their body, but only until the higher expressions of spirit is merited to manifest. Now, Brother, I trust this will not create any unwholesome symptoms, for you see how many other points can be utilized as a roborant for our acquaintance to thrive on. Not the least possible danger of my taking exception to being called Sister Pauline, for no doubt old King Karma evidently knew what he was doing when he authorized the feminine expression of my soul (in spite of the wearer preferring the opposite). Have also read your other two books and certainly appreciate their worth, and I hope there may be some sweet day in my mortal life when I can actually solve your "Kitchen Problem." Have been a devout vegetarian for five years, yet am obligated to daily witness balance of the family partake of their fleshy viands. Finally, with *very many thanks* for "Factors in the Pro-

cess of Human Development," I can happily say, I am your brother.

SISTER PAULINE.

THE SHEARING.

The day they cut the baby's hair
The house was all a-fidget;
Such fuss they made, you would have said,

He was a king—the midget!

Some wanted this, some wanted that;
Some thought that it was dreadful
To lay a hand upon one strand
Of all that precious headful.

While others said, to leave his curls
Would be the height of folly,
Unless they put him with the girls
And called him Sue or Molly.

The barber's shears went snip-a-snip
The golden fluff was flying;
Grandmother had a trembling lip,
And aunt was almost crying.

The men folks said, "Why, hello, Boss,
You're looking five years older!"
But mother laid the shaven head
Close, close against her shoulder.

Ah, well; the nest must lose its birds,
The cradle yield its treasure;
Time will not stay a single day
For any pleader's pleasure.

And when that hour's work was weighed,
The scales were even, maybe;
For father gained a little man
When mother lost her baby!
—Nancy Byrd Turner, in St. Nicholas.


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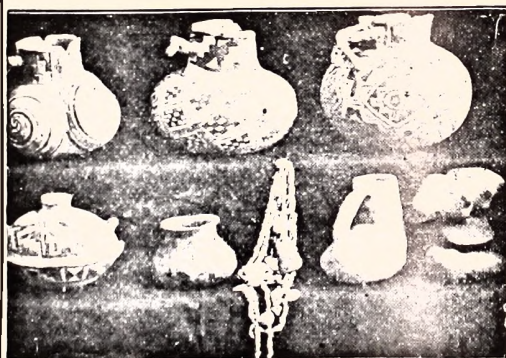
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